

# The Carlsbad Current

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916.

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## MILLIONAIRE TRAMP

### WRITES INTERESTINGLY ABOUT EARLY DAYS OF CARLSBAD

In compliance with your kind request, I take pleasure in giving you and your many readers, a few of my thoughts regarding the changes since my first advent into the Pecos country.

Some 26 or 27 years ago I came into the place upon which your beautiful little city now stands. In company with the consulting engineer, the late Edward S. Nettleton, my brother, wife and young son, John, came from Toiyah behind four spanking mules over the then wilds that intervened.

Our first camp was some 15 or 20 miles out from the station and I remember well awaking from my sleep on the ground in the middle of the night and looking right into the glowing and inquisitive eyes of a big coyote. The moon shone brightly and the coyote looked as large as a Russian timber wolf, and upon awakening my wife and who catching sight of the wolf caught up the baby and put him between us, saying: "He is not going to get my baby," and the coyote leisurely walked away into the mesquite.

The third day we arrived at Carlsbad, or where Carlsbad now stands, for there was no town then. Hotel Nymyer was the dispenser of good things and we occupied the front room and proceeded to make ourselves at home. There were no dwellings for a man with a family and I, therefore, secured a lot on which I erected a modest residence—the property now occupied by Major Bujac as an office. It was a wild country then—cowboys, rattlesnakes, centipedes and tarantulas were the principal inhabitants and you can imagine that we "tender-feet" were quite wary in wandering around in the day time, much less at night. It was no uncommon circumstance to see one step aside and without ceremony, and we knew at once that he had disturbed the meditations of one of the "first families." I've seen it done many a time. We were quite differential to these people for if not the whirr of their rattles was immediately followed by—well, we didn't wait to see.

Our water system was up by the river just below the big flume and we brot the needful down in a jug. If we wanted something stronger we went on up to Seven Rivers, that lively little frontier town where the cowboys reveled in dancing and whiskey, and they bottled up fun sometimes found vent in "shooting" up the town. The only moving picture show we had was when "yours truly" each evening tied his nunny goat up to a post, where he milked and it kicked, and I always had an audience.

Many's the time I've camped all by my lonesome along the Pecos, between Pecos City and Roswell and drank the muddy water that was made palatable by hundreds of cattle mired in its quicksands. Yes sir, I've seen them in all stages of disappearance, to the tips of their horns.

But these good old times couldn't last. We began to dig ditches, lay out towns, build dams and houses and the population to increase. The cowboy had to go away off and sit down or he'd be juggled.

Things got so far advanced that I was ordered to locate a railway from Pecos to Eddy—now Carlsbad—but they couldn't make me build it in the location approved by the capitalists from an engineering standpoint I wanted a higher line.

So one bright moonlight night I silently folded my tent and followed Horace Greely's advice and went west to grow up with the country. Since then I've done a lot of wandering; 26 years it is, when the time came into my mind to GO THE OTHER WAY—go east young man, and here I am on the way, and the swing of fate. When I first came here Ed. Scoggins threw the lash over four spanking fine mules. Now, well now! I came into the metropolis leading two meek and lowly burros—one hitched to a "what is it?" the other with a pack. I got to Toiyah I tried to follow the old trail, but what a change, wire fences and cattle everywhere. Coyotes gone, rattlers gone into winter quarters or visiting, tarantulas drowned out and the prairie dog towns submerged. My! but ain't it lonesome? I just felt like getting a long-handled shovel and digging down into the roots of a bunch of mesquites to see if I couldn't get a good old rattler to sing me a song, like one did one bright moonlight night when it scared the late lamented "Sam" Judy nearly to death. That was down the Pecos some 40 miles, but when I came up a few days ago, I couldn't even find the place and I looked all around for it. And they've ruined the country by their wire fences and alfalfa patches and raising of cotton, kafir corn and thoroughbreds, and Tracy's brand of "furrin" high steppin sheep and the whistle of the engines over the P. V. has scared away the antelope and buffalo and

"Comanche In'uns" and then away down the road a coming up, I saw the top of a great big building in a forest of cottonwoods and thinks I to myself: "Old boy, you're lost and you'd better be careful."

But being in search of adventure and a place to camp, and the forest looked like there was plenty of firewood, I kept right on, and lo! behold! I was right into the Queen city of the Pecos before I knew it, and one of the principal citizens "hollerin'" for me to stop. You bet I drawed right up and I asked him what he wanted. A picture of that outfit, and he. Now what do you think of that? And then a lot more gathered around me and I concluded I was in for it when another fellow came out of a store and swinging his arms like a windmill, made right for me and hollered like he was bellerin' to a heard of steers: "Hello, Cloud! you old sinner, how are you?" And, by George, if it wasn't my old friend McLenathen and here I was right in Eddy—no, Carlsbad—right where I was steering for. Well sir, I could hardly believe my eyes. The old mesquite plains had a beautiful city on it. And the peculiar looking building sticking up above the grove, was a great, big, up-to-date—and a little ahead—court house. The "grove" the child of Chas. B. Eddy's prophetic foresight, was great big shade trees lining the streets and scattered all amongst them were the tasty homes of the natives, and here was I and the burros corralled by a crowd. No camping place, no firewood, no "nuthin'" to make an old wanderer at home. And then, dog-gone me! if Mac didn't take us right up to his own lovely home, turn the burros into his lot with a stack of alfalfa to browse on, and put me into a room all fixed up finer than a fiddle, and the first thing he did was to lead me to a table with a covered white as snow and a banquet to browse on. I'd tire you to tell all the wonderful changes that have been made. Instead of going up to the spring for a jug of water one just turns a faucet and pure water from a great system comes forth, and electric lights and a real moving picture show, but they ain't got no goat.

Well sir, the very first afternoon, Millionaire Tracy, with his 24 horsepower, or \$24,000 Ford, I forgot which, calls around and he, and me, and Mc takes a passair out into the wilds over towards the plains, and the first thing we run into a big alfalfa patch with thorough-bred horses and cattle browsing around like they was at home, and a fine "metal" barn filled with alfalfa. Then they backed me into the finest yard of a fine summer residence I just that the "buzz wagon" had back-fired, but you can imagine my surprise when they said it was where their headquarters were. Shucks! I felt like strikin' them for a job, but I thought of Jenny and the baby and the "what is it?" and I put my hand on my clapper. I thought it was a little early, but they asked me to go and see their peaches, so Tracy said: "Han, did you put the ticker, or something, on?" And Han said: "Yeth thir," and away we went right slambang up against a 75 or 80 acre orchard of peach trees that looked fine, but they wasn't no peaches—just buds for a 10 ten crop. I was a little disappointed but some other tramp will get some fruit, so it's all right. And then we went through a nice little "rhuberb" called La something or other, and up to the concrete flume across the Pecos—just a little one, to carry 25 or 30 feet of water 25 or 30 feet wide, I mean, and too deep to stand in and smoke one's pipe. I ain't gone to say anything about a million dollar dam, and a lake called Avalon to hold a little water for the canal big enough to run a stern wheel steamer in, but I will say that I was considerably surprised when they showed me Mr. McMillan's little lake a mile or two wide and the water backed up about half way to the Rocky mountains. Being a little bit stuck on their country one can't believe all these people say, however, I've always found that Mc came within 75 per cent of his optimism, hence I will be responsible for any statements contained in this epistle until Jenny and the Baby and the undersigned investigate the facts on our way to the City of New York over on the Atlantic ocean, via that is, by the way of Artesia in the Artesian belt which is on my way.

It won't do for a "millionaire hobo tramp," as the Tucson Citizen calls me—to be responsible for too much, but I'll do it this time because it's not often that such a beautiful city like Carlsbad, wholesaled people, who will take the last dollar ones got, or divide up the last piece of "punkin" pie, and who have an empire of resources to draw from, a great big flourishing river with dams and reservoirs of sky-blue water, all along the trail to get tangled up in, gets across my path. I'll forgive them this time, but, never again.

Adios! that is, farewell. I've got to go—or I won't get there.

Aff yours,  
H. H. CLOUD.

Dwight Stephenson purchased an auto last week and Tuesday he left for Chickasha, Oklahoma, where he has purchased a garage. Dwight recently took the Civil Service examination and stood first, but prefers a business of his own.

#### HAMILTON—BURLESON.

The case of J. W. Hamilton vs. Ed. Burleson was decided by Judge Richardson, the judge finding for plaintiff as follows:

In the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

This cause coming on to be heard at the regular January term, 1916, plaintiff being in Court represented by his counsel, S. D. Stennis, Jr., and defendant being in Court represented by his counsel, E. P. Bujac, a jury having been waived by both parties, the court upon a hearing of the witnesses of plaintiff and defendant and argument of counsel, and upon due consideration thereof, does find the issues joined in favor of plaintiff and against defendant.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed by the court that the plaintiff, J. W. Hamilton, do have and recover judgment against the defendant, Ed. Burleson, in the sum of five hundred twelve and 50/100 (\$512.50) Dollars, said judgment to bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the date of this entry and costs to be taxed by the clerk of this court, for which execution is hereby

awarded.

To all of which defendant excepts. Dated this 5th day of February, 1916, at Roswell, New Mexico.  
GRANVILLE A. RICHARDSON,  
Judge.

#### EDDY COUNTY HOSPITAL NEWS.

Mrs. L. E. Eastwood, of Elida, was brought in Wednesday to be operated on Saturday.

Mrs. J. Stokes, of Lovington, was brought here to undergo an operation Saturday.

Mrs. W. Finley was operated on Tuesday and her many friends will be pleased to hear that she is doing nicely.

Mrs. Roach, of Muskogee, Okla., a sister of Mrs. Y. R. Allen, underwent a very serious operation Tuesday and is doing very well at present.

Mr. Marion Crawford, of Artesia, was taken to the home of his son, Sunday.

Mr. Harold Richey, who underwent an operation February 2nd, was removed to his home Monday.

Mr. Von De Witt, of Artesia, will be dismissed from the hospital next Saturday.

## INTERESTING LECTURE ON GAME PROTECTION

#### ALAMA NATIONAL FOREST LECTURE.

Aldo Leopold, lecturer and R. F. Balthus, supervisor of the Alamo National Forest, came Monday by way of Carson seep in the Guadalupe mountains. Mr. Leopold Wednesday night at eight o'clock at the High school auditorium, gave a very interesting lecture and showed some splendid views of birds and animals.

The first view he showed was of a herd of buffalo and spoke of them as they were in the early days as being one continuous bunch for miles and how they were slaughtered and disappeared until only 500 head were left in 1890 and how they would have become extinct if they had not have been protected for fifteen years by law.

The elk was shown in its native haunts, and the story of how they were killed off told entertainingly.

Deer were shown slain and the picture of one man standing by six deer,

four does and two fine bucks, hung on a pole, explaining the animal "game hog" and the lecturer said the deer were fast disappearing—very few being left in the Guadalupe mountains and only a total of 6,000 head were to be found in Arizona and New Mexico. Antelope and mountain sheep were shown, and one view showed where the mountain sheep were being fed hay and how tame they would be if protected and fed.

The wild turkeys, said the lecturer, are extinct in the Guadalupe mountains, but they are going to be replaced and protected there when the animals that prey on them are exterminated.

Aldo Leopold's lecture was educational and given in such a way that should teach every school boy to consider himself as a committee of one to protect the game and the girls and especially mothers, can be of service in good work to teach the boys to realize how fast quail and deer will disappear if not protected.

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

## VALENTINES

—GOOD ASSORTMENT—  
AT POPULAR PRICES

## EDDY DRUG STORE

—PENSILAR—

#### "UNCLE JIMMIE" FARRELL IS DEAD.

Life-Long Friend of James Sutherland is Gathered to His Fathers at Last. Double Funeral is Held With Impressive Ceremony.

By a strange decree of Providence, two life long friends came from their earthly cares and the funeral service designed for one who was called a few hours earlier suffices for both. This is the sequel to the lives of James Sutherland, who died Monday evening and of "Uncle Jimmie" Farrell, his life-long friend, who died last evening at 7:00 o'clock at St. Mary's hospital of senility.

"Uncle Jimmie" Farrell was approximately 93 years of age. He came from Ireland when a small boy, locating in Texas, where he engaged in the livestock business. He later removed to California, where he was associated with Mr. James Sutherland's father in the livestock business. Came to New Mexico with Mr. Anderson of the Anderson Cattle Co. in 1882. He has been a part of the James Sutherland family since that time, though he was not related to them by blood ties. Mr. Sutherland named his eldest boy, Farrell, after his old friend. Mr. Farrell was never married.

So it happens that the funeral of most beautiful service at the home of these two fast friends occurred this afternoon at the same hour, at the home of Mr. Sutherland on South Lea. The services were opened at three o'clock this afternoon with a song by Mrs. George M. Williams, "Asleep in Jesus." A prayer was offered by Father Danstun. Scripture reading by Rev. J. T. McClure. Prayer by Rev. McClure. A song by Mrs. Geo. M. Williams, "Some Day We'll Understand." The service was here turned over to the Masons under the

direction of Past Grand Master E. A. Cahoon who conducted the funeral according to their custom, the only deviation being in the rendition of two of the favorite songs of Mr. Sutherland by the Masonic Quartette composed of Messrs. W. J. Armstrong, Jas. Hamilton, C. C. Hill and Harry Andrew. The songs were: "Though Your Sins be Scarlet," and "We'll Never Say Good-bye to Heaven."

The pall bearers for Mr. Sutherland were Messrs. Harry Thorne, Nat Hines, J. C. Peck, T. C. Tillotson, R. F. Lillard and Dave Runyan.

The pall bearers officiating for Mr. Farrell were Messrs. Lee Richards, Ed. S. Seay, Henry Russell, Frank McFarland, J. A. Gilmore and J. F. Hinkle.

#### CUPID'S DARTS STILL FLYING.

Last night at the home of the bride's parents, Miss Zula Harrison and Barney Beach were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride was one of the favorite daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hank Harrison, and the bridegroom is a popular young ranchman. Both these young people have lived near Black River all their lives and will make their home there in the future. This wedding was well attended. A big dance, barbecue and supper was given last night by the uncle of the bride, John Stetson.

Many of the Carlsbad people attended the festivities, but as we go to press no one has returned to tell the story. A better and more complete write-up will be given next week.

#### LICENSES TO WED.

Feb. 8th, Marion B. Daniels, and Miss Effie Irene Lotsperch, both of Artesia.

Feb. 7th, Barnie Beach and Miss Zula Harrison, both of Black River.

Feb. 10, Rafael Duran and Miss Margarite Duarte, both of Malaga.

## DEMOCRATS MEET

#### LAUGHLIN NAMED STATE CHAIRMAN; ALBUQUERQUE IS MEETING PLACE.

Old Time Wheelhorse of Democratic Party Selected to Lead Party in Forthcoming State Campaign. May 24 Date Set for the Convention. Central Committee Adjourns After Outlining Tentative Plans for Battle of Ballots November Next.

Santa Fe, Feb. 5.—The democratic state central committee, which met here Friday morning for the purpose of framing up the rules and regulations for the 1916 campaign, adjourned this afternoon, after choosing Judge N. B. Laughlin, of Santa Fe, as chairman of the committee, and selecting Albuquerque as the place, and May 24 as the date for the state convention to nominate candidates for state and federal offices.

#### Walton Withdraws.

The meeting was entirely harmonious. W. B. Walton, of Grant county, whose friends had hoped that he would be the choice of the committee for chairman, withdrew after the second ballot, when it was apparent that Judge Laughlin was the favorite.

#### Resolutions Adopted.

Resolutions were adopted today, expressing regret because of the death of the late Hon. H. B. Fergusson, former congressman, and for many years high in the councils of the party; and extending the sympathy of the committee to E. R. Vallindingham, of Luna county, who recently suffered great loss in the death of his three daughters, killed in an automobile accident.

#### Friday's Sessions.

The meeting of the committee Friday was in striking contrast to the last one, held about a year ago. At that time the party was rubbing its eyes and waking up after one of the worst defeats that it had sustained in recent years. The first state bank at Las Cruces had just blown up with a loud report, and as a consequence Governor McDonald and Chairman Paxton were under a hot fire of criticism from all sides. Every democratic committee man had a grievance, and practically all of them had a remedy to suggest. The culmination of one of the stormiest political meetings ever held in New Mexico was a personal argument between Governor McDonald and J. H. Crist, which at one time bade fair to wind up in a resort to the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury.

Now the democrats are talking about nothing but harmony. The dove of peace is laying eggs all around the scenery. The untutored seem to have come to a realization of the fact that if they are to have any remote chance to stay in office and retain the emoluments and honors thereof, they must quit fighting each other and devise some effective method of fighting the republicans.

#### Jones for the Senate.

Two things seem to stick out as self-evident as a result of the meeting today. One is that Assistant Secretary of the Interior, A. A. Jones, is a full-fledged candidate for the democratic nomination for United States senator, and the other is that Governor McDonald is not either actively or passively a candidate for any office, this year.

Mr. Jones did not make the long journey from Washington to Santa Fe for his health. In fact he seemed to be in the pink of condition on his arrival here. Nothing was said by him in public on the subject of just what particular statesman might could, would or should be elected to the senate from New Mexico, but that wasn't necessary. All the faithful understood. What passed between Mr. Jones and the various democratic leaders gathered here in the numerous little talks that were held in corners of the hotel lobbies only those who were parties to the conversations know, and they won't tell. But any gentleman sportively inclined may lay a bet that the assistant secretary of the interior will be in the race for the senatorial nomination without any fear that he will have to cash in after the race is over.

In this connection, an interesting story is going the rounds here. The wise ones declare that if it were left to Mr. Jones himself he would not be in the race; that he really prefers the office that he now holds, with the chance of future advancement in the cabinet, to the uncertain hazard of a hot political campaign next fall. The story is that it is at the insistence of President Wilson that the Jones candidacy has been launched; that the president has a vast respect for him and his ability and integrity and wants the Las Vegas man in the upper house to further his policies in the event of his re-election to the presidency. It is figured that if Wilson is re-elected this year there is better than an even chance that Jones, standing for the Wilson policies in every detail, would be elected also. If Wilson is defeated, Jones would have no cabinet job anyhow. If Wilson is elected and Jones is defeated, say the leaders, Jones will have no occasion to worry over his political future, for there are plenty of appointive jobs as good or better than the one he has now that Mr. Wilson would be glad to bestow upon him.

#### THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Chief interest now centers about the democratic nomination for governor. The committeemen and other leaders

are all talking Putney, but at the same time they are asking themselves "Can he be induced to accept the nomination?" Once let Putney drop a hint that, like Barkis, he is willing and the nomination is his on a silver platter. At least, that is the drift of the talk here today.

The belief that Mr. Putney absolutely will not consider the proposition under any circumstances, however, is strong. His big wholesale grocery business in Albuquerque, it is known, is engrossing his attention, and the fear is that if the matter is put to him he will come down with a flat-footed "No" that will leave the matter a closed incident.

Here is where Governor McDonald figures in the equation. It may turn out that the democrats will be compelled to turn to him for lack of any other available candidate. There is talk of Antonio Lucero, Lieutenant Governor of Baca and other northern New Mexico democrats for the nomination, but it is mostly talk. The present governor has made many enemies, but he also has made many friends. He does not want office this year, but there is a chance that he will be favored with the nomination.

#### Fight for Congressmen.

With the renomination by the republicans of Representative B. C. Hendricks a practical certainty, there is quite a large contingent of the democracy in favor of the nomination of a Spanish-American from northern New Mexico, and in this connection Lieutenant Governor de Baca is being most frequently mentioned. The lieutenant governor has made an admirable record in his office, has presided over the senate with dignity and ability, and it is argued that he is the ideal man to put out against Hendricks.

On the other hand there is a strong undercurrent of sentiment for State Senator W. B. Walton for the nomination for congressman. Mr. Walton is the idol of the democratic old guard. He has made good where others have failed. He has fought the battles of the party when it cost him much in money and time and labor to do so. Not only that, but he is a lawyer of ability, a politician of consummate skill and a vote-getter with few equals in the state.

There is more uncertainty in regard to the nomination for congressman than as of any other of the offices for which nominations will be made. Several months will elapse before the convention next summer, and sentiment may crystallize on any one of a dozen men. At the present moment it is all up in the air.

#### UNITED STATES AND GERMANY IN AGREEMENT ON VITAL POINTS.

Lansing Insists Upon Slight Changes of Phraseology Which Have Been Put Up to Berlin for Action.

#### LUSITANIA INCIDENT NOW NEAR SETTLEMENT.

Bernstorff Calls at State Department and Then Cables Final Terms to Kaiser's Government for Approval.

Washington, Feb. 8.—In substance the tentative communication from Germany designed to settle the Lusitania case is acceptable to the United States. High administration officials said tonight that this government is prevailing upon Germany to make the concessions and agreements, as set forth in the document, has achieved recognition of all high principles for which it has contended in connection with submarine warfare.

While the substance of the proposed communication admittedly is satisfactory, minor changes to clarify the wording and in connection with the form which the formal document shall take were suggested to Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador, by Secretary Lansing today. The desirability of the United States in this connection were made known to the ambassador after President Wilson had discussed the subject with his cabinet. Count von Bernstorff immediately informed the secretary that he saw no reason why the changes could not be made but explained in effect that as a precaution he thought he was justified in submitting the entire matter to his government for final approval. He did so in a dispatch sent to Berlin tonight and within about six days the resulting formal communication is expected.

#### TRAVELER DIES OF PTOMAIN POISONING.

Artesia, N. M., Feb. 8.—An elderly farmer by the name of Briggs, whose home is in near Kansas City, Mo., died last night at a local hotel from ptomaine poisoning. Mr. Briggs, who was on his way there to visit an old friend, Dr. Hoff, was taken ill on a passenger train near Roswell and was hardly conscious when he reached this city. Doctors who were hurriedly called when he reached here diagnosed his case as ptomaine poisoning. He never regained consciousness after being removed from the train.

#### HERE FROM CARLSBAD.

J. A. Jones, S. Lucas and E. Hendricks came up from their homes at Carlsbad to spend several days here attending to business interests—Wednesday's Roswell Record.